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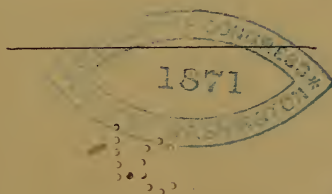
ELIZABETH T. KING.

WITH EXTRACTS

FROM HER

LETTERS AND JOURNAL.

Francis T. King.



BALTIMORE: 

ARMSTRONG & BERRY.

1859.

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M E M O I R .



IN attempting a brief memoir of one so dearly loved, much hesitation has been felt while lifting the veil, and exposing to view, the inner life of our sensitive, shrinking friend. Yet it has seemed that a description of her life of faith, and wholehearted dedication to the service of her Master, was called for as a testimony to the efficacy of that grace, by which she was enabled to become what she was; and as an encouragement to others to follow as implicitly as she did, the Captain of their souls salvation, and thus be made more than conquerors through Him.

Elizabeth T. King was the daughter of William C. and Hannah T. Taber, and was born in New Bedford, Masssachusetts, on the 18th of 7th month, 1820.

From childhood she was remarkable for a loving, sympathetic disposition, which rendered her thoughtful of the comfort of others, and attentive to their wishes.

Very diffident and retiring, she seemed entirely unconscious of her own power of winning affection, and was disposed to shrink from observation. But, while gentle and yielding where principle was not involved, she was firm in her impressions of duty, and earnest in their fulfillment.

Richly endowed with intellectual gifts, it was her delight to cultivate them, and for some time the pursuit of knowledge was very absorbing. The facility with which her tasks were acquired, together with her gentle disposition, and strict integrity,

rendered her a favorite with her teachers, and her school-days were passed with pleasure and success.

Her love of the beautiful was early developed, and she was ever ready to appreciate it wherever it existed. This faculty opened another and lasting source of happiness, which elevated her spirit, and insensibly gave a tone to her feelings. To her every thing in nature had a language, from the delicate flowers and grasses in the meadows, to the splendor of the sunset sky, or the grandeur of the ocean.

In later years her enjoyment of these beauties was chastened and enhanced by her supreme love for their Divine Author, and while admiring their beauty and sublimity, she turned with loving confidence to Him who spread them forth, being able to say, "My Father made them all."

To a person of her imaginative tempera-

ment and refined taste, poetry could not fail to be attractive, and her own pen was often employed in thus expressing her feelings. Her timidity and self-distrust were, however, so great, that most of her youthful efforts were destroyed.

The traits noticeable in childhood increased with her riper years, and her memory well stored with incident, her agreeable manner of expression, and the refined taste which instinctively selected whatever was valuable, rendered her society very attractive.

Those who knew her, will well remember the charm of her gentle voice and manner, her speaking eye lighted up by the mind within, and the irresistible influence she exerted on all around. This was remarkable through life, and as her mind matured, and other thoughts and feelings gave place to the desire of consecrating her all to God,

these powers, chastened and refined by grace, rendered her indeed a polished instrument in her Master's service.

The winter of 1838 was passed in Philadelphia at school, where her health was so much injured by severe application as to occasion her return home. For some time serious apprehensions were felt by her friends lest the injury should be permanent; but at length she was restored to comparative health, and with returning strength, her desire for usefulness increased.

Her own description of her feelings at this time was thus given to a dearly loved friend:—

NEW BEDFORD, 5 mo., 8th, 1839.

Shall I confess that the prospect of returning health has a tinge of melancholy with its joy. To the humblest among us life has fearful responsibilities, and now I almost shrink, as I stand

upon the threshold, and view its cares and vexations again ready to assail me.

I have suffered much since I left you, but the winter has passed almost happily ; for, in all that I have experienced, I have been confirmed in my favorite Wordsworth's beautiful belief,

‘Naught shall prevail against us, nor disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings;’

which is only another version of the promise we have from higher authority, ‘All things shall work together for good.’ I will try to feel this accomplished in health, as well as in sickness, and fulfill the only wish I have ever felt about my future life, that I might not live in vain.

Until this period she had seemed almost entirely devoted to the enjoyment of literary pursuits, and the pleasures of the social circle. Though naturally very conscientious, she had not yet given her heart to God. But now He who had formed her for the purpose of His own glory, was

pleased to convince her of the unsatisfying nature of even the highest earthly joy—that, of a truth,

“Nor man nor nature satisfy
Whom only God created.”

From this time a change was wrought in her feelings, which her own letters to the same valued friend will best describe.

NEW BEDFORD, 2 mo., 15th, 1842.

I think I am growing more inclined to try every thing by the test, ‘*Cui bono?*’—not in a devotion to mere utilitarianism, but to examine the bearing of all our business and pleasures on our eternal interests; and I try to withdraw myself from vain speculations, and be *quiet*.

The truth is, we can not buoy ourselves up long; we must have something to cling to which is firm and fast. We are willing to do every thing but yield simple obedience, try any remedy but the waters of Jordan to make us clean; but all this is but a vain endeavor to escape from

the simple truth as it is in Jesus. I feel inclined to say with the poet,

‘Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance desires,
And *Thee* I now would serve more strictly if I may.’

NEW BEDFORD, 11 mo., 6th, 1842.

If there is any thing which degrades the soul, I think it is a devotion to worldly wisdom and expediency. I have watched its deadly blight creeping over the soul, and withering every noble and generous feeling, till my heart has ached, and does so still. After all, there is nothing which can truly ennoble man but pure, genuine, thorough Christianity. Without it he must not only be wicked and wretched, but degraded and miserable.

NEW BEDFORD, 8 mo., 1843.

* * * I have nothing to record but struggling, for the most part I fear in vain, sometimes almost sinking, and still, I know not how, kept up, so that I do not utterly lose hope and comfort.

Then, too, I lose my faith, but I try not to,

and deliverance will perhaps be wrought, though I see no way. So many temptations, and so great a tendency to yield to them, I think sometimes the enemy is indeed let loose, and power given him over every thing that seemed to promise hope of overcoming. It is not always so, however, and sometimes I have glimpses of a rest which has been promised, and have a realizing sense that 'He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.'

Many snares beset me, in society most of all I think, for there are few who view things as I do. Not that I often speak of these subjects; but, if we are desirous that one great principle of action should be established in our hearts, it alters our estimate of every thing else. Things do not seem as they once did; we can not be what we once were; we remember how mysterious and almost repulsive these views were to us, and know how they seem to others now.

NEW BEDFORD, 3 mo., 13th, 1844.

Indeed, I am bound to acknowledge that I have not been left alone, though my unfaithful-

ness has deserved it. Sometimes, when bowed under a sense of my transgressions, the blessed conviction of the sufficiency of the Redeemer's blood to cleanse from sin—to save us, as some one expresses it, not only from the penalty but the power—has arisen on my mind with a healing certainty.

But I am often sorely tempted, and my faith fails, and my love grows cold, and I have scarcely grace to bemoan my weakness. I do not often speak of my inward feelings, but all this is very true. I have been tried in many ways, and have suffered much from sorrow for sin, from the agony of sacrificing some cherished idol, from the contempt of others; but the hardest of all is to feel that the world will gain the ascendancy—that it is far, oh very far, from being my meat and drink to do the will of God.

Elizabeth T. King had always the care of pious parents, exemplary members of the religious Society of Friends, yet she herself had never until now made that open and decided acknowledgment of her

Saviour, which, with love and charity to all His true followers, ever afterwards marked her devotion and consistency as a member of that portion of His Church to which she belonged.

The following letter, written to one of the friends of her youth, who had not seen her for some time, will give an account of the change which had taken place in her views and feelings:—

NEW BEDFORD, 11 mo., 7th, 1844.

Thy question rings in my ears with a half-painful sound, 'What has changed you so?' The change has been so gradual, that I am not aware until I meet those who have not seen me for years, that it is so great, but then I almost invariably hear some remark of the kind.

Well, dear, time and care have no little effect; although it may be a slow wearing, it is a sure one, and though an enthusiastic, ardent, restless temperament, may be difficult of subjection, it is one which shows the process better.

When thou knew me I felt more keenly, but was less happy than now—now that joy has not so much power to elate, or sorrow to depress me—now that my aspirations are very nearly quenched, and my mind ‘subdued to what it works in.’ It is a less interesting condition, but it is one much more comfortable. I smile with a little sadness when I hear myself spoken of as so calm; for, after all, if we are in any degree purified, it is ‘so as by fire.’ I consider myself, however, as having great reason to be thankful that circumstances have been such as to compel me to this course; that cares, anxieties, sorrows which I could not elude, have continually checked me, and forced me to form a more sober estimate of life.

Now I only wish to form a habit of seeking for pleasure in duty alone, resolutely rejecting any enjoyment which conflicts with it in the slightest degree. I have such an abiding sense of the transitory nature of both earthly joys and sorrows, that I feel it to be wrong to be much moved by them. Why trouble ourselves about the inconveniences of our journey, or be excited

by a pleasant occurrence that is soon passed by?

Does thou remember the Eastern fable, that Solomon, on being asked by a prince to give him a maxim which should prevent him from being elated by prosperity, or depressed by adversity, gave him, 'This also passeth away.' Something of this feeling is continually in my mind.

But I do not mean to speak as if I even wished to attain to a mere philosophical calmness. If in any degree the restless, irritable, ambitious feelings of my early youth are quieted, if I am enabled to be more useful, and to find pleasure in that, rather than in the gratification of my own tastes (and I long that this may be more and more the case), it is, thou wilt know and feel, only owing to that grace which is mercifully extended to us, poor, miserable, blind and naked as we are, to which nothing is impossible, or there would be no hope of our ever becoming meet for the kingdom of heaven.

Our Father mercifully stains the beauty of this world in our view, dims all our pleasant

pictures, shows us the vanity of our desires, lets us feel the deep disappointment of having our wishes refused, or one deeper still in having them granted, that we may long for 'the quiet habitation' which He provides, and learn to be thankful beyond measure for the 'still waters' which we once despised.

The way is long and sometimes dreary, but we are journeying to a better habitation, that is an heavenly. Is not this enough? Let us encourage one another to press forward to receive suffering as well as enjoyment thankfully, and let patience have its perfect work.

To an intimate friend—

NEW BEDFORD, 11 mo., 14th, 1844.

I have been passing my time very pleasantly in Philadelphia, but rather too much in the bustle after all, and I now long to get quietly settled down to home duties, feeling that such a constant round of enjoyment is not the most favorable, even to happiness; but it has been very pleasant. People are so much more kind to me than I deserve, or can possibly understand why,

that it must and does give me great satisfaction. I have been away from home five or six weeks, and visited New York, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia; and if I can only go back, and feel that I have not done any one any harm, it will be a great favor,—if I can only hope that I have not been led so far out of the way as to prove an occasion for stumbling in any. We can not avoid influencing others, and being influenced by them, and it is a fearful thought that a brother's blood may one day cry against us. Oh, my dear, I do at times feel that it is such a serious thing to live, that I am almost overwhelmed with the many considerations it involves. And while we feel our weakness, we are not always willing to go to the right Source for strength; shrink from the patient waiting, the quiet endurance of shame and suffering necessary for our purification. I am grieved to the heart at my own ingratitude and willfulness. But still our Father cares for His rebellious children, and embitters their cup of enjoyment, refuses them the blessings they most earnestly desire, till in the day of His power they are made willing

to submit. Indeed, we have cause to bless Him 'most for the severe.'

We have all felt much sympathy with you in the recent affliction you have experienced. We were well qualified to sympathize in such a sorrow. But there is such abundant consolation withal, that our natural grief is silenced when we think that our beloved ones are taken away from so much evil. Sorrows wear upon our hearts, and storms of temptation assail, till in bitterness of spirit we may say, 'Mine eye shall no more see good;' but they are at rest—they dwell forever by the still waters, and lie down in the quiet habitation. We will praise Him for this, and may we be enabled to live so that when He is pleased to summon us also from a world whose beauty He hath dimmed, we too may die the death of the righteous, and be admitted to a place, though it be the lowest, in the mansions prepared for them.

To the same friend on the death of her father—

NEW BEDFORD, 3 mo., 4th, 1845.

I have often thought of thee during the last

few weeks with the tenderest sympathy and affection, and have frequently attempted to express it; but what could I say? No human consolation can avail at such a time, and I feared, unbidden, to touch so deep and so recent a wound, lest I might only add to thy suffering. Yet I trust thou hast not lacked consolation, but that thy heavenly Father has been to thee as He hath promised, strength in weakness, and a present help in the needful time; that the arm of Divine Love hath been around thee and beneath thee, preventing thee from sinking in the waves of affliction. We have all cause to mourn the loss which we have sustained, and, above every selfish consideration, we mourn that the Church, now in her need, should have lost one of her most valiant soldiers; but it is the Lord—let Him do what seemeth to Him meet. Oh, my dear friend, what a blessedness it would be to know our own wills wholly swallowed up in the Divine will, so that we might be careful for nothing in any way. Sometimes the heavy chastenings appear to accomplish this in some measure, and is it not often the mission on which they are sent?"

The following extracts are from her journal, which, from this time seems to have been kept with much regularity :

7 mo., 1st, 1845. I am very much tried with my imperious and impatient temper. May I be able to overcome this. Then I have a tendency to self-indulgence. May I be favored to feel that the one thing needful is the only thing desirable.

15th. O Father, feeble and unworthy as I am, Thou knowest the desire of my heart is to serve Thee. It is Thou who hast given this desire ; Thou wilt not refuse it. Make, I beseech Thee, the way plain before me, and enable me to tread it in the obedience of faith.

8 mo., 16th. 'I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue.' I have been too careless of late in repeating tales to the disadvantage of others. O that I may walk in the fear of the Lord all the day long. I have felt that we were not to ask for temporal blessings, or spiritual comforts, but only that we might be fed with food convenient for us, even though that may be the bread of adversity and the water

of affliction. 'Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?'

9 mo., 1st. May I be led and guided in all my steps by Him who is the only Leader, that I may give up every thing which He requires, in little things as well as great. Oh enable me to bear patiently the daily cross, looking for no comfort or pleasure out of the fulfillment of Thy will. Give me to travail availingly for the welfare of Thy Church militant, for those that are dear to me, and for my own advancement in the pathway of holiness. I have only sins and weaknesses to bring to Thee; be pleased to have compassion, and afford a little help to struggle against them, manifold though they be.

31st. I have been much favored to-day, in my retirement, with quietness, with desires for more entire devotion, and with a view of the marvelous love manifested in the Saviour's life and sacrifice, and its efficacy. *Our Saviour!* How blessed is the sound! May I be guided every moment by His Spirit, and be kept from sin of any kind or degree.

10 mo., 15th. Yesterday I had a call from

———. I talked much, and perhaps not unprofitably; but it had an exciting and unfavorable effect, as it tended a little to the exaltation of self. I can not bear to have my quiet disturbed; and those periods when, as it were, I rest under the shadow of His wings, are so precious, that I desire to watch jealously lest any earthly feeling should draw me from this refuge. There is no comfort, no satisfaction, in any thing else. The heart can rest in no earthly home; not too entirely even in that which is provided to cheer it as a brook by the way.

11 mo., 21st. I have continually to struggle against my pride and selfishness. Oh for the rest of true humility! Could I attain to it, how much should I enjoy. Well, in the beautiful language of one of our early Friends, ‘None are so weary but He takes care of them, and none so nigh fainting, but He puts His arm under their heads; nor can any be so beset with enemies on every side, but He will arise and scatter them; and none are so heavy laden, but He takes notice of, and gently leads them—so tender is this Good Shepherd over His flock.’

Oh what marvelous loving-kindness! To believe in this constantly would be an abiding comfort; but our own weakness and faithlessness interpose many clouds between us and the Sun of Righteousness.

It is but justice to her character to say, that these complaints of irritability and selfishness arose from her desire to be thoroughly conformed to the perfect Pattern. Her conduct was ever marked by a scrupulous attention to the wishes of others, and a striking forgetfulness of self.

The time was now approaching in which she was to leave the home of her childhood, and assume new duties and responsibilities.

But in the midst of her anticipations of happiness, the glories of the enduring habitation seemed to assume a more definite form, and in a farewell note to a dearly-loved aunt, she thus writes:—

NEW BEDFORD, 12 mo., 28th, 1845.

Ah, my dear, what is our happiness—the greatest on earth, where the most confiding love, the deepest and truest affection, are based on the sure foundation of perfect esteem, and sanctified by our Father in Heaven, to the bliss of the redeemed spirits of those who have gone before us.

I can not tell thee how *heaven* opens before me—no more sorrow, no more partings, no more of this clinging earthly love, no more drooping under the weight of feeling, which our hearts can not bear, and, above all, no more sin; but clearly and confidingly we look upon the Father—no cloud of the body's weakness or the spirit's sinfulness, and we are satisfied, for we awake in His likeness.

How those whom we have mourned for with exceeding sorrow will welcome us to those shores, if through mercy we are favored to reach them. Look upon Him whom we have pierced; His countenance is radiant with ineffable love as He says, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the founda-

tion of the world'—the city 'whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise.' God Himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. Words fail me, as I would express the communion of spirit throughout all eternity, in the blessed employment of praising our God forever. I could almost say the veil was lifted, that the glory, which eye hath not seen, was made manifest to my spiritual vision. It seems scarcely allowable to utter these unspeakable things, but these views have very unexpectedly impressed my mind. Would that they might be oftener present with me—earth would not then look so enticing.

May we give ourselves up into our Father's hands, for life or death, for joy or sorrow, secure that *all will be well*.

On the last night of the year 1845 the following entry occurs:—

"12 mo., 31st. So it will soon be over—a year which has decided my future life. I began it with anticipations of happiness; they have been

realized, for I never before was so happy, though now the future assumes no definite form. But I am almost sorrowful, even heavy-hearted now, as I feel the weight of the step I am about to take. May my love become more and more spiritual, and divested of selfishness; may my faith be strengthened, that I may go on quietly and calmly in the way in which I believe I am called upon to walk, not repining or feeling disappointment if I should find some thorns among the flowers. I must look to Him who is 'strength in weakness,' to be with me now, and desire to resign myself and all I have, unreservedly, into His holy keeping.

On the 8th of 1st month, 1846, she was married to Francis T. King, of Baltimore, and removed to reside in that city. A change of residence brought with it no change in her desires for holiness; but, in the enjoyment of her many blessings, her heart continually turned to her Heavenly Father, and sought to follow Him unre-

servedly. In reference to her marriage, she says—

As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord, and serve Him too in the way of His requirings, as far as strength is given us to do so.

Oh, Father, satisfy, if it please Thee, the desires which we believe Thou hast created in our souls for more holiness and greater usefulness, and grant, if consistent with Thy holy will, that we may go on together in the path of humility and self-denial.

1 mo., 22d, 1846. All must be in subjection to the Father of spirits, and now I renewedly desire to take such portions from His hand as He may see meet to bestow, in thankfulness for what is given and for what is withheld. Oh to be made meet to be a partaker with the heavenly host—to be fitted for usefulness while detained on earth. I long to be dedicated, body, soul and spirit, to the service of the Redeemer, while I feel that the flesh shrinks from sacrifice and self-denial.

The following are extracts from letters written at this time to a young friend in whom she was warmly interested, who was struggling with the doubts and fears incident to the early stages of a Christian's course:—

BALTIMORE, 1 mo., 1846.

* * * Now, my dear, I must speak of some parts of thy letter, which touch me very much, though I scarcely know what to say, for human counsel, and the tenderest human sympathy, will not avail in the work which lies between us and our Maker. But He is a God nigh at hand, and His love and care are greater than any other. He will direct thy steps if thou look to Him for guidance.

Do not be discouraged; look up to Him with trust and love, for He commands this; but remember, that of old the sacrifices were made by fire unto the Lord, and many pleasant things must be given up now. "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not *all* that he hath, can not be my disciple." Never let any thing, however

insignificant, stand in the way of thy peace, and then thou wilt experience that in His presence *alone* is fullness of joy.

The way may at times seem dark, but light will arise, if thou trust in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him. That light may sometimes show hard things to be required, but do not be distressed if thy heart should rebel; bring thy unwillingness and disobedience to Him, in the faith that He will give thee power to overcome, for He can not fail. "Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world," so keep close to Him, and the victory will be won. But do not, I beseech thee, neglect any thing that is required, for disobedience brings darkness; and do not reason or delay, but simply follow the leadings of the Holy Spirit, and He will guide thee into all peace.

BALTIMORE, 1 mo., 29th, 1846.

I long for thee, my dear, and feel painfully desirous that strength may be given to resist the temptations surrounding thee, that thou may not let go thy hold at all. We are seeking "a better country, that is an heavenly," and there is more

true satisfaction in suffering for Christ than in any earthly enjoyment.

BALTIMORE, 2 mo., 1st, 1846.

Hold fast the profession of your faith, without wavering, for He is faithful that promised. Never be discouraged ; though we fall, we shall rise again, if we look to Him who will not fail to hear and help.

I long that every thing may work together for thy good—pleasure and pain, care and disappointment, if such come—but do not think it must be all gloom. While I would not have one burden lightened, which an All-wise Disposer of events lays upon us, or one cross removed, which He imposes, we must remember we do not serve a hard Master, but a merciful Father.

BALTIMORE, 4 mo., 3d, 1846.

Try to keep humble and quiet. Remember it is not in the whirlwind, or the fire, that the Lord speaks to His children, but in the still small voice. It is the enemy that disturbs the soul ; but as in reverent stillness we endeavor to bow before the Lord, He will teach us of His

ways, and give us strength to walk in His paths. As we continually strive to look to Him, He will not forsake us, and the work, of which He is the Author, He will also finish. In the early part of our religious experience many fears arise lest sacrifices may be called for, which we think we can not make, but we must not look too much at these; just give ourselves up, trusting that strength will be given for whatever is required, and the way will be made clear when the time arrives; "Why are ye fearful, oh ye of little faith?"

We know we love those who are dear to us; we know we would not let them suffer unnecessarily, and that we would never let them stray, nor allow any harm to come nigh them. When we feel how strong this is in our finite natures, let us remember that "God is love," and that withal, He is All-wise and Almighty. "Enter not into the hurryings of the enemy, though they fill the soul," but look up with a trust, that though all is dark now, light will yet be given. This faith is more acceptable than any thing else; without it it is impossible to please Him.

BALTIMORE, 6th mo., 1847.

A mad dog was killed yesterday just before our door, which rather alarmed me, as we were, unconsciously, near such great danger. All human prudence and foresight are unavailing to preserve us; we must take all proper precautions, and leave the result "to Him who doeth all things well." What a comfort to believe we are under His fatherly care; none can pluck us out of His hand, and whatever the dispensation allotted us, He sees and knows it all, and can preserve and comfort, through all He permits to befall us. I have been thinking much lately of the text, "Let patience have its perfect work." Life is not intended merely for enjoyment; it is a state of trial and discipline, and I have desired very much to resign every wish, hope, and expectation, *every thing*, into the hands of our heavenly Father, willing to receive daily the portion which He allows, though it may be, and often is, the cup of suffering. But He never lays more upon His children than He gives ability to bear, so let us look up to Him with filial confidence, and in His own time He will give "beauty for

ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." If we follow the apostle's injunction, "In every thing give thanks," we shall not be desponding; and if it be the will of our heavenly Father that we should glorify Him in the fires, may He give us strength to say "Thy will be done." When the furnace was heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be, there was a form like the Son of God with the three children there.

She writes thus in her journal:—

10 mo., 8th, 1847. I had a precious feeling of comfort this morning in the thought, that it is no matter how despised we may be, if we are permitted to find acceptance in the Beloved. It may be that pride and self love mingle with our desires for usefulness, even in the Church. If He see meet to refuse the qualification, He may give it to others. "The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach his way.

The willingness to be nothing, if that be His will, is sweet, and I desire to be very thankful

for this little ray of comfort, vouchsafed after a time of deep humiliation. I have the deepest cause for thankfulness in my abundant blessings; my cup runneth over. May I see clearly what my duty is, and be favored with strength to do it, not consulting my own ease or pleasure.

In a letter to a dear friend she thus continues this subject:—

BALTIMORE, 11 mo., 7th, 1847.

This stripped, weak state is very trying to that part which would fain seek the honor which cometh from man. I have been well-nigh dismayed, sometimes entirely so, but the heights have a greater tendency to separate us from the love of God than the depths. When the cross of Christ is the only refuge, with what strength of despair the soul clings to it.

Ah, my dear, this is a pilgrimage—a warfare—no stopping for permanent rest until the journey is over—no putting off the armor, or laying down the weapons, until the victory is won. I have excused myself in various ways

from labor. I said I was weak, that I had other cares, that I was afraid of a forward spirit ; but I now see that it is in a great measure the withholding more than was meet that has tended to my deep poverty, and that if simple obedience had been yielded to gentle intimations, I should have had more peace.

Time is passing away very rapidly with us both ; we ought before very long to stand as soldiers in the fight. Are we making the progress which will qualify us for this ? Are we casting aside creaturely activity, the love of the world, and the fear of it, and deepening in the root ? Indeed, this is a very serious matter for us to think of, now that we are mothers, and must seek for strength to guide and restrain those who are dearer to us than life. If we could but dwell under a constant concern for the right advancement of our dear children, I believe it would be very effectual. May the Lord take our little ones into His flock !

3 mo., 4th, 1848. I have had not a little quiet comfort this morning ; but I have been exceed-

ingly tried and exercised in the desire, that while I am faithful to the law and the testimony, I may in no wise depart from a loving and charitable spirit. I see much that I think is wrong; may I be favored to preserve the right medium between too much liberality and bigotry. Could I but be preserved in a loving, humble spirit, how happy I might always be. There is the command, "Judge not:" let me ever bear this in mind.

As a member of Friends' Prison Association, she frequently spent the afternoon of First day at the Maryland Penitentiary, for the purpose of teaching the women confined there. In reference to these visits, she says in her journal:—

I wish I could relieve my mind of the burdens that oppress it. I long to speak to the women, but have not courage. I have almost come to the conclusion that utterance never will be given.

It will be seen by the next extract that

she was favored with strength to perform what seemed required at her hands.

3 mo., 28th. Last First day I went out to the Penitentiary in much heaviness; but though something seemed to present itself before me, I felt there was so much handed forth, I might be excused. However, after ——— had finished, she turned to me and asked if I had any thing to say, when in great weakness, and in a stammering manner, I said a few words on the necessity of prayer. Afterwards I had great openness and a degree of success with my class, and in returning, and for the rest of the evening, my peace flowed as a river; yet there was nothing whatever for the flesh to glory in.

12 mo., 13th, 1848. I felt this morning after the reading as though I would like to express a desire that we might live nearer our heavenly Father; but I shrunk, because I feared I might do wrong during the day, and thus bring reproach upon His cause. This was faithless, I know, but I am *so weak*. Oh, my Father, look down with pity; and if Thou hast any service

for me to perform, keep me near Thee in humility, and let none of my actions bring reproach upon Thy cause, or blood upon my own head.

In a letter to an aunt she writes:—

BALTIMORE, 12 mo., 20th, 1848.

My journeying has been mostly in the wilderness since we met; but this matters little if we can feel any evidence that the journey has been onward. The fear that it has not, has been cause of the greatest sorrow and discouragement, yet there has been some arising of the well-spring of life. May we be favored to journey forward, keeping very near to our Master, and willing to follow Him whithersoever He leadeth.

I thought I felt a freedom to speak in this way to thee, my dear, to whom I feel bound, not only by the ties of natural affection, but by a deeper and stronger tie of spiritual sympathy, in which I have felt to crave for thee, as for my own soul, greater advancement and more heart-felt devotion, and such a close keeping to the light, even here amid trials and temptations, that so we may be “always with the Lord.” Since we

may truly say our cup runneth over, may we strive to prove our thankfulness by our obedience. Oh, how earnestly do I crave this, having proved so fully that the smile of our heavenly Father lights even the darkest path, and without it even the brightest is gloomy.

That one so sensitive as the subject of this Memoir, who habitually tested herself by the highest standard, should often feel deeply her own shortcomings, and that the entries in her journal, or her confidential letters, should at such times give evidence of it, will not surprise those who knew her. But it would be doing injustice to her character, and especially to her Christian course, did we suppose that these struggles after the "life hid with Christ in God" unfitted her for the cheerful performance of social duties, or lessened her enjoyment of the blessings by which she was surrounded. She was in truth the light of her household, and found a constant source of pure

pleasure to herself in the duties of a wife and mother. She entered with the fullest sympathy into the innocent enjoyments of her family, drawing on her own resources for their encouragement and instruction; or aiding them in the appreciation of the beauties of Nature. It was beautiful to remark how all her experience of the love and mercy of her heavenly Father did but deepen her love, first for the little family group, and then in ever expanding circles for all the objects of His tender regard. Nor was it less instructive to learn from her example, that while true piety humbles us under a keener sense of our deficiencies, it teaches us to use all the faculties with which He has endowed us in the service of our Lord; and that such performance of duty is rewarded by an increase of ability, as well as by the evidence of His gracious approval.

The following letter was addressed to ——— and ——— on the occasion of the death of their two only children:—

BALTIMORE, 9 mo., 17th, 1849.

Although you may be at first surprised at receiving a letter from me, I do not think you will consider it an intrusion, since it is prompted by very deep and heartfelt sympathy with you in the recent affliction which you have experienced. I feel it more sensibly as my own children were very nearly of the same age with your little darlings, and I naturally felt a stronger interest in them. But I have very earnestly desired, that although this stroke may at first appear overwhelming, you may be enabled to trace in it the hand of a gracious Father who has taken your little ones from the evil to come, to be for ever at rest in His bosom.

In looking on my own children, and thinking of the trials, the sorrows, and, above all, the temptations of this world, I have often felt that I could not ask life for them—only that when He saw meet, whether it was sooner or later, He would take them to Himself.

Indeed, my dear friends, there is abiding consolation in the thought that whatever storms may now come, they can not reach these precious ones, who are now mingling with the angelic throng in that city where none can say "I am sick."

Do you think that I am in any degree insensible to the suffering you must experience? I know how your hearts will yearn for the sweet voices of your children, and how lonely your home will seem; but I earnestly desire that the Father of mercies and God of all consolation may be near you, pouring the oil and the wine into your stricken hearts. Remember, "affliction cometh not forth from the dust, neither doth trouble spring from the ground;" all our chastenings are from the hand of a Father who loves His children better than we love ours, and doth not willingly afflict them. May you feel this a renewed call to be more dedicated to His service; and now, that your treasures are in heaven, may your hearts be there more exclusively, and the time may yet come that you will say with thankful hearts "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

While I write I feel that words are inadequate either to express my own feelings or to convey any comfort to your hearts; and I again commend you, and particularly thee, my dear ——, as I know how keen the anguish of a mother must be, to Him who is the Comforter, the Helper, and the Stay of all who look to Him for consolation. May He give you resignation to His will, that you may be enabled to say, “It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth to Him good.”

To one of her sisters:—

BALTIMORE, 12 mo., 1849.

We were speaking of the different views in regard to dress. I think we must learn not to put entire confidence in any one's judgment in regard to it. If we keep low and humble, with a single eye, we shall be directed, in little as well as great things; but if any Friend were troubled with any thing I wore, I should, if I felt at liberty, alter it. We may draw humiliating lessons from the condescending love and goodness of our heavenly Father, who certainly does give

precious spiritual gifts to His unworthy creatures, who must appear beyond measure frail in His sight.

Some among us may indulge too much in dress; that may be *their* infirmity. Others indulge too much in making remarks upon it—that may be their weakness; but both may, redeemed and purified from all these besetments, join together in the most perfect love and harmony, in singing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. It seems to me that the only way to go through the world is just loving, and in the deepest humility, conscious of our own weakness, making allowances for everybody.

Her married life had hitherto been unclouded; but in the summer of this year, 1850, she was called to resign a lovely infant to the arms of her Saviour. While keenly feeling the blow, she clung with loving submission to the Hand that dealt it, and, trusting in her God for strength, was enabled to say, “It is well with the child.”

In a letter to a relative she thus alludes to her loss:—

BALTIMORE, 9 mo., 1850.

Since I have had a child in heaven, it has seemed to me I was nearer to the glorified spirits. I can not tell what an effect this bereavement has had upon me. There are times when my heart yearns so for my dear little babe, that it seems as if I could scarcely endure it; but for the most part I feel the deepest and purest thankfulness that she is at rest; that whatever I may have to struggle with, nothing can reach her. Sometimes I sink beneath it, but not often now, and I hope, that both through the joy and the sorrow, she may be the means of bringing me nearer to a state in which I may be fitted to re-join her. It seems as if I almost forgot earth, with all its beauty and all its blessings, in thinking of those who have entered within the pearl gates, into that city where none shall say, "I am sick," where God Himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. With this prospect before us, surely we shall always be found "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation;" and if at

times a feeling of unworthiness so possesses our hearts, that we can not think an entrance into that kingdom can be permitted us; let us remember in faith, that it is not by works, but "according to His mercy He saveth us." Surely, if the Lord were pleased to destroy us, He would not have showed us the things we have heretofore been taught."

A family resided in an alley in the rear of her residence, which had become the terror of the neighborhood from the violent and imperious temper of the mother, and the abandoned lives of her sons, two of whom were about being tried for arson and murder.

The mind of Elizabeth T. King was drawn towards them, and, as might be expected, from the natural delicacy and timidity of her feelings, she shrank from the prospect of making them a visit. While hesitating under the concern, she stepped into a crowded omnibus in the

lower part of the city, and as one after another of the passengers left it, she unexpectedly found herself riding alone with this woman. She felt no openness to relieve her mind then, but had a confirmation of her first impressions of duty, to visit her in her own house.

On parting from her, however, she affectionately commended her to a Saviour's love, to which the woman made no reply, but looked at her with wild surprise as though it were a new message.

The visit was paid next day, and the woman's respectful and interested manner showed that the gentle loving spirit of our friend had won upon her heart. The opportunity was an open and relieving one, and we trust that He who had sent the message had prepared the heart to receive it.

The woman was taken ill sometime afterwards, and lingered for six months ;

but in this time she was mercifully favored to experience the forgiveness of her sins. A new heart was given her, and she died in the Christian's hope and trust.

12 mo. 8th, 1850.—The recurrence of the birth-day of her oldest daughter:—

I have been feeling very seriously on this occasion our great responsibility and the constant need of watching, not only over the children, but also over ourselves, that no unfaithfulness in any way should so dim our spiritual sight, or weaken our strength, as that in the time of future need we should be unable to see or to follow the course which would be most for their good. There is a great deal in this, faithfully to do the present duty, little or great, that we may have light and strength for the rest; and oh, how important does this seem, when we have to guide and influence others who are dearer than ourselves!

To a young friend on the eve of marriage:—

BALTIMORE, 12mo., 1850.

I know from experience that thy thoughts must often be very serious in looking forward to such an important event as marriage. Even under the happiest circumstances, and where the most perfect confidence exists, with reason, on both sides, still there are many moments when the heart, feeling its own weakness, bows in deep humility before the Source of Strength, asking for light to see, and ability to perform, all the duties which belong to the new and important station. I look to thee, knowing the influence thou wilt possess over thy husband, in the earnest hope that thou wilt use that influence for his good; that so you may go on together, earning and receiving the blessing which maketh truly rich, and unto which no sorrow is added.

Far be it from me to prescribe any particular course of conduct. I am only desirous that you may obey all the intimations of duty which are made manifest in the secrets of your own hearts, however little or however great they may be; and my only reason for desiring this

is, that the peace of God which passeth all understanding may be added to the other blessings which in the richness of His mercy He is showering upon you, for, without this crown, the others lose their sweetest enjoyments. I speak that I do know, when I assure you, that the truest, the deepest, the most devoted affection given and received, will fail to satisfy the whole thirst of the soul, unless this is also added.

I believe you are both attached to the principles of our religious Society, although you may not be fully prepared to unite with, or at least to practice upon some of its peculiar views. May I say, that while I believe I feel the most unlimited charity towards all religious denominations, and heartily rejoice in the full conviction that many from them all will join the "innumerable company," in which I trust we also may some day be found; I have a decided belief that our own views, in all their strictness and purity, are the most conducive to the highest spiritual attainments, to the truest spiritual comfort and peace.

To one of her sisters:—

BALTIMORE, 4 mo., 1851.

I have been out riding to-day, and the beauty of the opening spring really exhilarated my spirits. The buds are unfolding, the willows are quite green, the grass is bright, and there are even some simple flowers among it. I thought how marvelous must be the loving-kindness of Him who could lavish such beauty around us.

If only our necessary wants had been provided for, it would have been enough to excite our gratitude; but think of the means provided for our enjoyment also.

In the summer of 1851 she was again called upon to part with an infant daughter. This bereavement was keenly felt; but with quiet submission she could say, "It is the Lord; let Him do as it seemeth Him good."

She thus speaks of this trial to a very dear friend:—

BALTIMORE, 6 mo., 20th, 1851.

* * * I must very briefly give thee an account of our situation, knowing that thy ready feeling and sympathy will fill up the outline. Words can scarcely describe my deep happiness, when lovely, perfect and apparently healthy, my darling babe was brought to me; but our Father saw meet very soon to destroy these hopes, which had almost become certainty, and, after a day and night of agonizing suspense, He took our darling to Himself.

I, too, have been brought very low, even to the brink of the grave; but He has raised me up, and very earnestly do I desire that this renewed chastisement may be the means of weaning us more from the world, and causing us to be *wholly* devoted to His service.

Now, my beloved friend, I can not dwell longer upon this, neither is it needful. Thou wilt know what the suffering, the sorrow, the awfulness of the near prospect of eternity must have been. Thou wilt know what we must have felt in our human weakness, and thou wilt know, too, what we desire, and I humbly trust, are, at

times, favored to feel, not only resignation, but acquiescence and thankfulness, in the undoubted belief that He doeth all things well.

Mayst thou be permitted to intercede for me, that all His purposes concerning me may be fulfilled, that in no wise may I fall short of His requirings.

To a friend who had spoken rather complainingly of the ingratitude to be found in the world, she writes:—

BALTIMORE, 12 mo., 1851.

Over sensitiveness is only a pretty name for self-love and unsubdued pride, and we must learn to give, hoping for nothing again; to be just as kind, just as thoughtful of the comfort of others as if we had a debt of gratitude to pay them.

I believe that death must pass over all our natural feelings, even those which seem most pure and lovely, and, as we progress in the new life, that charity which "beareth," "hopeth," and "endureth all things," which "never faileth," will take the place of our easily wounded and

discouraged earthly affections, and we shall more and more “dwell in love.”

Ah how beautiful such a state looks; shall I ever reach it? But as I ask the question, the words of the Apostle spring up in my mind, “I thank God who give thus the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.” So we are bound to believe, that by watching and striving, through faith and obedience, our sincere, earnest prayers will be answered, and the Lord will, according to His promise, perfect that which concerneth us.

I dwell mostly in the valley of humiliation; and, though it is often bitter and painful, yet at times I am permitted to feel that the dews fall gently there, and that it is a sweet abiding place.

My great fear is of bringing reproach upon the cause, of being a stumbling-block in the way of others, and my petition is almost constant, “Let not them that love Thy name be confounded because of me.”

BALTIMORE, 3 mo., 24th, 1852.

Let us try to get ourselves into the right spirit, one of quiet seeking to do the will of our

heavenly Father, neither of restless activity, nor selfish shrinking from exertion, and I have no doubt we shall be daily and hourly directed where to go and what to do.

Very often our infirmities will cause us to make humiliating mistakes, which will also work together for our good, in rooting out pride and selfishness. I do not mean that we should require special direction about little matters. But when "the eye is single," the whole body will be full of light, and we shall realize the truth of the promise, "I will guide thee by mine eye."

From her journal:—

5 mo., 17th. I am and have been much exercised to know how I can do good to others, there is so much that requires doing. Indolence and a love of pleasing interfere sadly with our usefulness. May I be always ready to hear the call, and obey it.

I am also deeply exercised about my call to declare to others the unsearchable riches of Christ. Permit me, oh merciful Lord, to commit

this to Thee! Thou knowest I desire to be and to do all that Thou requirest; Thou knowest my weakness and ignorance. I give it all up to Thy care, beseeching that Thou wilt work in me to will and to do of Thine own good pleasure, since I humbly believe there is no willful withholding.

It will be no cause of surprise to those who have thus far followed her course to learn, that though for a season she had been in heaviness, through manifold temptations, He, who was preparing her for further usefulness in His Church, was now pleased to break her bonds.

Not only did He give ability to perform His will, but also an abundant reward for faithfulness. This change is best described by her own letters to a sister:—

BALTIMORE, 8 mo., 20th, 1852.

For many years I have had an impression on my mind that I should sometime be called to even more public service in the Church than

I have known hitherto; and about a year and a half ago it seemed to me that the time had come. Every reason that could be urged against it, every caution, every fear and doubt, have been presented to my mind with great force. I was ready to say, and I did long say, Send by whom thou wilt send, but not by me. Still, thanks to the long-suffering kindness of our merciful Father, seeing as I believe He did, that it was more through weakness than willfulness that I fell short of His requirings, He did not cease to strive until my will was subdued, my reasonings quieted, and I was made willing to give up all in the obedience of faith. Last Fourth day morning I had such a vision of the love and mercy of the Father, and of the preciousness of the Saviour, that I felt as if my will, even myself, was entirely swallowed up; and I covenanted that, let the bidding be what it might, I would gladly do it. I did not expect the trial of obedience would be so soon; for, when I went into meeting the next morning, I had no idea that any thing would be required of me. I had not, however, sat long, before a few words presented,

with the conviction it would be right to express them. I only asked clearness, for the fear of man seemed taken away; and, with greater calmness than I had supposed possible, I did speak. Since that time I have been very much prostrated; but my mind has been kept in so much peace, that nothing has been difficult to bear. Yet it was a little thing to do for Him who had done so much for me; neither could I have done it without His power: it was all His work, yet He rewards it so sweetly! In my great debility I have been folded like a weary child in the arms of Infinite Love and Compassion. I have realized the promise, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." I can not, indeed I scarcely *dare* speak, of the blessed communion with the Father, with which I have been favored, of the trust that I was indeed a *child*; only that I would say to thee, Oh magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together. I know very well that I can not remain long on the mount. I know that I must again take up my wilderness journey, and struggle with my infirmities of flesh and spirit, with out-

ward trial and inward temptation; but the promise is, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" "my God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."*

To an intimate friend:—

BALTIMORE, 9 mo., 12th, 1852.

I know, my dear ———, thou hast often travailed with and for me in the desire that all the Lord's requirings might be submitted to in faith; therefore, I may ask thee to join with me in reverent thanksgiving to Him who has burst my bonds, and enabled me to make the sacrifice called for at my hands. To Him be the praise of His own work. But, my beloved friend, wilt thou join with me in humble and fervent petitions, that He will be pleased to keep me, poor, weak child as I am, from errors on every hand—the snares and temptations that beset us—from going before or lagging behind the Divine Leader?

I have much to feel of the marvelous loving kindness and tender mercy of our compassionate

* It may be well to remark that the religious Society of Friends believe that a call and qualification for the ministry is not confined to one sex.

Lord ; but I am more engaged to consider the importance, and crave strength for the performance of present duties, than to feed on yesterday's manna, sweet and precious and nourishing as it was.

BALTIMORE, 9 mo., 23d, 1852.

We serve One who is the best of Masters, and He calls for no service which He does not give strength to perform ; therefore, all we have to do, is to lie prostrate before Him, in the confiding trust that "He knoweth our frame," and regardeth our low estate.

Since we have only the duty of the present moment to think of and perform, without looking back with unavailing regret, or forward with unavailing anxiety ; since we are commanded to be careful for nothing, how quiet our minds should always be. If we can but feel, that however weak and unworthy we are, we can with humble sincerity adopt the language, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth I desire besides Thee.' I am very jealous over myself, my dear ——, lest in seeking the precious sympathy of my friends,

self, our potent tormentor and deceiver, should be fed. There is also danger of saying too much on these subjects, without sufficiently feeling the life to arise and accompany the words.

I think we have seen a superficial tendency so prevalent as to render great care necessary not to "darken counsel by words without knowledge." It is so necessary to keep little, low and simple, and this is difficult for the spirit of man, which would far rather spread out in the branches than deepen in the root.

May He whom we truly desire to serve watch over and guard us in every way, and perfect that which concerneth us, according to His gracious promise.

* * * * *

But oh, my dear, what are we, what am I, trembling, helpless, frail, sinking to the earth, unless constantly upheld?

This humiliating sense of weakness is not unfrequently a snare to me; but I trust I am beginning to feel that it is not in our own strength we are called upon to act. We must go forth when bidden, relying that He who sends us to

the battle will furnish weapons, armor and ability out of His abundance.

Truly we may adopt the language, "How great is His mercy towards them that fear Him," blotting out our transgressions, sustaining our weakness, and proving Himself to be "the Father of mercies, and God of all consolation."

My heart seems to flow forth in this manner, though under a deep sense of my unworthiness of the least evidence of this abiding love; and I feel drawn towards thee, dear ——, in a sweet quietness of spirit.

In this I trust we may mingle together before the Throne of Grace, while at the same time the incense of adoration and praise may rise not unacceptably from our hearts, as a fitting tribute from one at least who has had much forgiven.

Again recurring to the journal, the following entry occurs:—

9 mo., 30th, 1852. I want very much to be able to please our young people, that they may not be repelled by any dullness even—that I may

so adorn the doctrine as to win them to better things.

In this I trust it is not merely their affection I seek. I believe there is a better motive, but it requires great care, lest self-seeking should not only come in, but gain the ascendancy.

Surely it is very desirable, placed in such a difficult position as we are, to maintain cheerfulness without levity, and to lead the conversation in mixed society to profitable things.

It may not always be suitable to introduce serious or religious subjects, as, unless the latter is done in the right way and time, and under a little of the right authority, it disgusts instead of benefiting.

The following tribute to her memory from one of her young friends, will show that this desire was not without fruit.

“Together with a knowledge of books, and an appreciation of the charms of literature, she possessed an intense love for the beautiful works of our heavenly Father, as displayed in nature.

“A mind so constituted could not fail to attract

the intelligent young people of her acquaintance, to whom she was easily accessible, and in whose welfare she took a lively interest.

“But what was most remarkable, as well as most valuable, in her intercourse with her younger friends, was the deep religious feeling, the ever present sense of religious obligation, which harmonized her own thoughts and feelings, and was impressed deeply upon all those who had the pleasure of her intimate acquaintance, both by the silent influence of example, and the gentle voice of affectionate precept.”

The sentiment which pervades the preceding extract was one which greatly influenced her in society. To remarkable quickness of parts, she united a simplicity of manner, which was the natural expression of her artless and ingenuous character. A stranger would be impressed by the ease with which she placed herself by the side of the younger members of the social circle, and the gentle vivacity with which

she entered into the conversation, wholly unconscious of superiority, and of the sweet influence she was shedding around her.

10 mo., 1st, 1852. Yesterday I felt called upon to speak a few words in meeting. The struggle was great, from the fear that it was in my own will and imagination. But I earnestly desired to be kept from reasoning, and appealing to the Searcher of Hearts to show me if I was mistaken, I repeated a few words. After meeting I was assailed by a temptation, of which I. Penington speaks, that I ought *to know* whether I had been right, in order to be able to distinguish again.

This is a subtle insinuation, but it was shown me that I was not to trouble myself about it, but say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, my good Master will teach me in His own time."

After a little rest, my mind settled into quiet peace, and has so continued; nevertheless I can truly say, I abhor myself, and feel the enemy without, and self within, are so continually tor-

menting, that though there is a state into which they can not enter, they still annoy and distress.

To a young friend:—

BALTIMORE, 12 mo., 21st, 1852.

I have had quite a siege with infirmities of various kinds, since Yearly Meeting. My hands were disabled for about a month, being poisoned from gathering autumn leaves, but I find, as I have frequently before done, that it is not the circumstances in which we are placed, but the spirit in which we meet them, that constitutes our comfort; and that this may be undisturbed, if we seek for and cherish a feeling of quiet submission, whatever may be the privations allotted us.

It has very sorrowfully impressed my mind since I have been sick, how much strength and peace and comfort are lost from want of an unreserved dedication. Many feel a strong desire to do right, and make some, it may be many, sacrifices, but something is still kept back. The will is not yet entirely subdued, and they miss of the sweet and abundant peace with which He, who is a rich rewarder of all who diligently seek

Him, fills the heart of His humble and obedient children. I have longed to plead with those that were near, and with those that were far off, to delay no longer—to fill themselves no longer with the miserable husks of earthly gratifications, but to turn with all their heart to the tender Father, the merciful Saviour, whose love has so long pursued them, and who is still waiting to be gracious. Words fail to express the marvelous loving-kindness and tender mercy of our God even to the poorest and most unworthy of His creatures; how can *any* longer stand aloof?

To a sister:—

BALTIMORE, 1 mo., 5th, 1853.

I can fully sympathize with thee in feeling, that mine enemies “are lively and they are strong,” but I have lately had great comfort in another expression of the Psalmist, “Mine adversaries are all before Thee.”

Not a temptation, not a besetment, not a weakness, but He sees, and He that is in us, is greater than he that is in the world.

We appeal to Him in sincerity, that we do above all things desire to love and serve Him;

let us have faith in His unutterable love and compassion, that He will in His own time, perfect that which concerneth us.

Let us commit ourselves to Him in perfect trust, that the sins which we unwillingly commit are regarded by Him with a pitying eye; that the fountain set open, is always ready for our cleansing, and that, being delivered from the bondage of corruption, we may rise to the glorious liberty of the children of God.

We are not to wait until, by painful effort, we have tried to make ourselves fit, but we are to come *now*, just as we are, just as the lepers, the sick, the blind, and helpless, came of old, and believe that His mercy is *now* extended, that His arm is now underneath for our support. I have sometimes such views of the matchless love and condescension of our heavenly Father, as are inexpressible.

I so long that those who hold themselves aloof from His calls, and seek pleasure only in the world, might come and see how good the Lord is, that my tears are often ready to fall in lamenting that they will persist in depriving themselves

not only of happiness in the world to come, but in this also.

To a sister :—

BALTIMORE, 2 mo., 13th, 1853.

I went to see —— the other day ; she is suffering keenly from her loss, but in submission. In the course of conversation, she said she had been made to feel very forcibly that to be any thing, we must be nothing.

We can not be too strongly convinced of this, yet the lesson of nothingness is very difficult to learn. Even with good motives, with a strong desire to promote the welfare of others, we may sadly err by working in our own strength. The authority must always be, “Have not *I* commanded thee?”

As we are willing and obedient, the field of labor will open before us more widely, though it may not be just that in which we would prefer to work.

To one of her sisters :—

BALTIMORE, 3 mo., 1853.

I had a letter from —— a day or two since. It seemed to fall like dew on the mown grass, I felt so withered and dry, the remembrance of his meek and quiet spirit, which truly seems careful for nothing, was quite refreshing.

It was after an act of required obedience that I have felt thus stripped and poor, an evidence that the dealings of our wise and gracious Master are mysterious; while the clay is not to say to him that fashioneth it: "What makest Thou?" No doubt if we are thoroughly purged, it must be by the spirit of judgment, and the spirit of burning, and so the work is accomplished, let Him use the means He seeth meet.

But we must remember, that the sun is always shining, however dark the clouds may be, and the power of our God, and the mercy of our Saviour are the same, even though in our weakness we can not see them clearly. His blessed will be done in and by us!

Oh! that He may in His mercy qualify us all in some degree to labor for the advancement of His cause, that through whatever self-denial or

suffering on our part, some poor wandering sheep may be brought into the fold of everlasting peace.

To a sister:—

BALTIMORE, 5 mo., 11th, 1853.

It is the *entire* giving up that is wanted, to bring us to the peace which would make up for every thing else, and which, from holding back, we may, indeed we do, fail in acquiring. I had to express something of this in meeting to-day, desiring that we may know the “God of peace to sanctify us wholly.”

My way is so wonderfully made in my great weakness, that it is marvelous to myself. “Did any ever trust in the Lord and were confounded?” Oh, my dear, I desire to speak in the deepest reverence and humility, but also with the deepest gratitude for the help I have experienced, for the extension of so much mercy to me so unworthy.

I have been reading one of the children’s books, “Father Brighthopes.” It is a very pretty one. One paragraph at the close, seemed to me to express a very enviable condition. “I am

going home. Our Father has given me my work to do, and it is almost done. Oh, would I could tell you how joyfully I shall put off corruption for incorruption, and exchange mortality for immortality." I sometimes feel, when weary of the conflict and almost ready to faint by the way, what an unspeakable comfort it is to look forward to the time when, through the merits of the Redeemer, we may be permitted to join the company of those who have come out of great tribulation. To enter that city whose inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick;" where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain;" but "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God Himself shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

To return to her journal:

5th mo., 16th, 1853. This morning it seems forcibly impressed upon my mind, that we must keep ourselves in a state of readiness to hear and obey every call to service, which our Mas-

ter may vouchsafe. So much time, so many opportunities for usefulness, are lost, because we are busy here and there, and neglecting the one charge which is of the most importance.

24th. A few words presented in meeting this morning, and remembering former experience, I thought it was safest to utter them. I found peace, great peace, afterwards ; mainly I thought because I was willing and strengthened to speak so as to be heard. But ah, how subtle and how powerful is the enemy ! As John Barclay says, "The approbation, the regard, the sympathy of such as love what is good, have required from me all the watchfulness, all the earnest desires for preservation, that I have been blessed with." The unity and kindness of friends, with the sense of peace and relief, were used by him, in conjunction with the weakness of nature, and the strength of self-love, to endeavor to exalt me, and I have been so buffeted with these insinuations, that I have suffered greatly.

The summer of this year was passed in New Bedford for the benefit of her health.

From this place she thus writes to her husband :

NEW BEDFORD, 8 mo., 1853.

With regard to my spiritual condition, I think I may humbly and thankfully say, that there seems to have been a little growth, in this, that I see my faults more clearly, which conduces to humility, and charity also. Not but that I sometimes slide from this, but I trust that in general I have more love, though my soul has been so often pained with a liberty which seems not of the truth, that I am afraid I let in a judging spirit.

I had such an impression made on my mind the other evening, during the children's reading, by this text, that I think I will tell thee. "And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." No doubt there would be much more done for us, if we would but follow the injunction "Be not afraid, *only believe.*"

May we be favored to go on "from faith to faith," from "strength to strength," until we obtain the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus.

But oh, how deeply and painfully I feel, that there are so many, who for want of a single eye and a simple faith, are falling short of the requisitions, which would conduce to their own peace as well as usefulness.

To the same:—

NEW BEDFORD, 8 mo., 20th, 1853.

This afternoon we went down to the funeral of Uncle A.'s child. It was altogether a comforting time. After —— had spoken beautifully, in allusion to the little one thus early taken from the storms of life, I added a few words to this effect, that I had felt such a firm conviction that it was out of the very abundance of the loving kindness and tender mercy of our heavenly Father, that He chasteneth His children, that I desired that all of us, who had been privileged to partake of His chastisement—and who has not drunk of the cup of sorrow?—might be thereby drawn in closer bonds of love to Him, that none of His gracious purposes therein might be frustrated, for He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. The fear came

in like a flood after I had spoken, that perhaps I had only spoiled the effect of the previous communication, but as soon as we rose, this passed away, and a quiet feeling, as of resting my weary head on the Saviour's bosom, was granted.

To the same:—

NEW BEDFORD, 8 mo. 27th, 1853.

I think I missed my way in meeting this morning. Very soon after we sat down, I was shown very clearly that a mistake was made by many, in understanding that the office of the Redeemer, in saving us from sin, was that He saved us from the consequences and punishment of sin, instead of *sin itself*. It did not, at first, occur to me that this was for any one but myself, but it kept coming up before me, and just before meeting broke, it seemed that I ought to express it. This disturbed me a little, and I thought I would examine more closely what was on my mind, for there is so much danger in venturing upon doctrinal points, especially the offices of the Saviour, and before my mind was fairly settled,

meeting broke. I think I should have had a more comfortable day, if I had risked the expression, in a little more faith that the Master would, according to His promise, be with my mouth, and teach me what I should say; but I hope to be forgiven, as the disobedience was not willful.

I went to meeting feeling rather poorly, and so oppressed with a sense of my manifold infirmities, that I could not believe it possible I should have any thing for others, but only hoped I might be able to gather a little good for myself.

However, as we learn by what we suffer, I hope I shall be more prompt in future. As we came out of meeting, John R. Davis stopped me to say, that he had been thinking a great deal about the first sermon his grandfather preached, "Disobedience makes a long wilderness journey, but faithfulness cuts it short."

To the same:—

NEW BEDFORD, 9 mo. 3d, 1853.

This morning, in meeting, the concern I had last First Day seemed unexpectedly to revive,

though I thought I should distrust it, if it did, and think it was merely my own work. However, it seemed safest to express it—as nearly as I remember in this way: “It appeared to me there was an error committed by many in dwelling too exclusively on the office of the Saviour in saving them from the consequences and punishment of sin, rather than from sin itself—whereas He is not only our atoning sacrifice, our Mediator and Intercessor with the Father, but by the operation of the Holy Spirit in our hearts, He purifies them and makes them fit temples for Himself to dwell in. But He can not have fellowship with unrighteousness, therefore He can not dwell in our hearts, although He may *visit* them by His love, unless they are made pure, ‘even as He is pure.’ I have desired, dear friends, that we may none of us stop short of entire conformity to the Divine will, that we may realize this blessed experience, that He may come in and make His abode with us.”

It was truly in weakness and in fear and in much trembling, that I uttered these few words, and it shook my bodily frame so that after meet-

ing, which soon closed, I could scarcely stand, but my mind was covered with a degree of that sweet peace which is worth any sacrifice to obtain. Is it not marvelous how kindly I am dealt with?

NEW YORK, 9 mo. 14th, 1853.

It is quite late, my dear husband, and I have no very satisfactory materials for writing, but I wanted so much to make thee a sharer in the sweet feelings of gratitude I have had to-day for our preservation every way, that I could not refrain from a few words of communion with thee. I feel so satisfied with our situation, that it was best to go, and best now to return, and on looking back I can truly say that the assurance given the morning I left home, "Behold the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest" has been fully realized; I have had so much experience of His love, not only in His sensible presence, but also in the withdrawal of it—so that not only the fatness of the earth but the dew of heaven has been my portion—I say this in reverent thankfulness, and now I do

earnestly crave that we may *follow on* to know the Lord yet more and more, and I believe the injunction to us is, in the midst of our weakness and infirmities, "Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." So I trust we may be favored to go on in the strength of the Lord God—for He *can not* fail us if we keep close to Him. Truly this evening my cup runneth over—and I ask, "What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits?" Oh, my dearest, what an unspeakable favor to have this feeling of peace after this visit, instead of condemnation, for although I have nothing to speak of but infirmities, it is such a mercy to have been kept—to feel that even the sins I may have committed have gone beforehand to judgment, that they have not been willful, that they have not been persisted in, and humbly to trust that they are forgiven, washed away in the blood of the Lamb.

The accident on the Sound steamer last week, made us a little thoughtful, but on lying down greatly fatigued, and having gone through so much excitement that I feared I could not arrive

at any quiet of body or mind, these words seemed given as my portion, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for Thou, Lord, only, makest me dwell in safety." I can not express to thee, my dearest husband, my feelings of gratitude for this most unexpected boon of sweet peace. I have gone on my way in such weakness and trembling, feeling my own nothingness so much, that now to be blessed in this manner, seems an unutterable favor. I hope I have not seemed to wish to display my treasures—they are not mine, but His who can, and who no doubt will, resume them, for we are not to be trusted long with such—but I want thee to unite with me in thanksgiving, and in earnest seeking to know and to do more entirely the will of Him, who has blessed us more abundantly than we can ask or think.

A letter to one of her sisters:—

BALTIMORE, 11 mo., 27th, 1853.

I had a view to-day of the nature of the prayer of faith, which was very instructive to me. It was shown me that we do injustice to the charac-

ter of the Father of mercies, by the doubting manner in which we prefer our petition—that He is far more ready to give us good gifts than we are to ask for them. He loved us before we loved Him, while we were yet in sin; how much more will He love us when we are earnestly desiring to forsake it, and turn unto Him with full purpose of heart. Since we can truly say that we desire neither outward comforts nor inward consolations, but only that we may perfect holiness in His fear, we are bound to believe we have the petitions we desire of Him, and to come to Him in faith, nothing doubting.

On the opening of the new year she thus writes to a friend who was laboring under discouragements:

BALTIMORE, 1 mo., 1st, 1854.

I did not have an opportunity, my dear friend, of fully telling thee all I would like this evening, and think I will use this means, hoping that I shall not darken counsel by words without knowledge.

In reverent humility, and with a deep con-

sciousness of entire unworthiness of the least of the Lord's mercies, I may acknowledge that this has been a day to me of peculiar enjoyment, a feast of fat things, an experience of joy in believing, with which I am not often privileged, not being worthy to be trusted with such treasures. Yet with all this, there is a deep feeling of self-abasement and a sense of the necessity of pressing forward, and of the baptisms which are needed for purification and refinement. But under this abounding feeling of the mercy and goodness of our heavenly Father, how dare I doubt that He who has, I humbly trust, begun a good work in us, is able to carry it on to His own praise? Dear friend, we must not limit the Holy One of Israel. He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him—let us not therefore do injustice to His love or His power by our distrust. I have a very strong tendency to discouragement naturally, and for the most part can scarcely keep my head above the billows—but I have lately had such a view of the *efficacy* and the *necessity* of *faith*, that I have not dared to let go my hold—may I not hope that this was given in some

measure for thy encouragement also? I can not express to thee the power with which it was sealed upon my own mind.

I know the state of things is very sorrowful among us—the suffering I endure at times is little short of agony on that account—but let us have “long patience;” surely, I often think, if *I* am borne with, there is no cause for discouragement on account of any. But, my dear friend, let us, in this also, cast our care upon the Lord, patiently bearing whatever portion of sufferings He sees meet to call us to fill up for His body’s sake, which is the Church, but not giving way to unprofitable discouragements. Our own faithfulness is all with which we have to do, and it may be that He may condescend to bless that to the advantage of others, though I feel it an attainment almost beyond my reach, if I may be kept from doing them harm. I hope in what I have said I have not been presumptuous in arrogating any thing to myself, for truly I abhor myself, and have nothing to glory in but my many and abounding infirmities. But I have had such a view to-day of the preciousness and

all-sufficiency of the Saviour, that I have been glad to be nothing, and feel that both for myself and others I can "praise Him for all that is past, and trust Him for all that is to come."

After a visit from Josiah Forster, John Candler, and Wm. Holmes, on their return from Tennessee, where the remains of their beloved partner in the work and service of the Lord, Wm. Forster, had been laid, she thus writes to a dear friend:—

BALTIMORE, 3 mo., 1st, 1854.

Thou may imagine it was a treat to us to have the English Friends with us. Sorrowfully as all were bowed down under the feeling of the great loss they and the Church have sustained, still the abounding consolation was also present, first, that it was His will who doeth all things well, and then, that the beloved companion and venerated father in Israel, is at rest, where he will "ever be with the Lord." To me there is such triumphant joy, when such are called home, that the sound of weeping seems lost in the burst of angelic welcome.

Now may He who called and qualified this faithful laborer, grant that more such may be sent forth into His harvest, that even a double portion of the spirit of Elijah may rest upon Elisha, for truly our hearts almost sink within us at a view of the evils which appear to rage almost unchecked in the world.

The prospect of a European war, and the movement towards the extension of slavery in this country, weigh down my spirit with such sorrow, that I sometimes feel as if I could scarcely endure it.

I am afraid I suffer more than is consistent with perfect acquiescence in the will of Him who sees the end from the beginning, and who can so control it as to make the wrath of man praise Him. But when I think of the misery, the devastation, the sin, the souls that will be hurried unprepared into eternity, the evil passions that will be fostered and strengthened, how can I feel any thing but the deepest sorrow?

In the spring of this year, in company with H. B., C. F., M. C. and her husband,

husband, she visited some distant meetings in the mountainous district of Pennsylvania, in fulfilment of an appointment by the Yearly Meeting, and was absent about two weeks. This service was performed to the satisfaction of her friends and to her own peace.

She thus alludes to it:

* * * I had some service with the young in meeting, and also in private afterwards, and do not feel condemnation either for giving or withholding, though I am humbly conscious that imperfection clings to us, or rather to *me, always*.

On reaching home, found all well, according to the promise which, I reverently believe, was given me the morn I left, and which supported me through the great fatigue and apparent danger of our rough journey: "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

Oh, how tenderly condescending is our gracious Master to us in our infirmities, for not only was the promise given, but faith given to trust in it.

While on a visit from home, she thus writes to her husband:

—, 6 mo. 1854.

I had scarcely taken my seat in meeting this morning, before an exercise seemed to come upon me, mainly on behalf of the wanderers who were seeking rest and finding none, and as soon as the meeting was quiet, I ventured to supplicate for them, as well as for those who were striving to serve the Lord, that their feet might be kept from falling.

I never felt the fear of man so taken away, as if love to their souls cast it out entirely; and it was not so much in the cross to appear, as in the constraining power of the Spirit: "I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." Afterward, — spoke at some length from the text, "Come unto me all ye that labor," etc., and — followed, turning the attention of these to the Light within, so that there seemed to be a remarkable unanimity of exercise.

* * * I have had great cause for thankfulness since being here; every thing seems to have been ordered right. More than all, I feel

quiet, conscious of abounding weakness, yet feeling as if He, who "took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses," condescended to look down in pity on His feeble child.

I want to be kept in humility but faithfulness, yet I am sometimes discouraged by thinking I am too much of a child in spiritual things, even to know what I ought to do. However, I trust that patient waiting, and quiet hoping, will bring me out right at last.

Take good care of thyself, and remember we concluded to have for the motto in our new establishment, and in all our actions and plans, henceforth, "*But one thing is needful.*"

In the summer of this year, 1854, she removed to a pleasant home, a few miles distant from the city, where, in the enjoyment of the varying charms of nature, she passed the remaining years of her life.

It was her delight to ramble with her children, in the woods near the house, calling their attention to the beautiful spring flowers, the little brook with its sparkling

waters, the many-colored leaves of autumn, and the mosses of winter. All these she delighted to point out as tokens of the love and mercy of our heavenly Father, who has not only provided so many things for our need, but gives so many more for our enjoyment. The children were often summoned to accompany her to some small houses not far distant, occupied by poor colored families, to carry soup to a sick woman, or clothes to a little child, thus teaching them the pleasure of relieving the necessities of others. On the afternoon of First day, the children of these families were invited to her house, and a company might be seen assembled round the table, listening with eager interest to the wonderful stories of the Bible, and learning lessons, which seemed strange perhaps to them, of the love and mercy of their Saviour.

Her daughters always had apart to per-

form in the school, and it proved a pleasant hour to both teacher and pupils.

She had the faculty of improving time to a remarkable degree, yet it was done so quietly and systematically that nothing seemed to be an effort to her. She often quoted an expression of a dear aged father in the church, upon whose sympathy and experience she loved to lean, "I never was in a hurry." Truly a meek and quiet spirit, and a loving, cheerful heart, were given to her, and all within her influence felt its charm. Having some leisure this year, she devoted a part of it to the study of German from a sense of religious duty, believing that it would be of service to her in mingling with that class of the population. She accustomed herself to read the German Bible daily for several years, and often expressed her belief that, if her life were spared, she would be led to labor among that people. On one occasion, in

visiting the Almshouse with a minister—who had religious service with the inmates—a poor German met them at the close, and with much feeling, gave her to understand that she did not comprehend what had been said. E. T. K. felt her heart warmed toward the woman; and, after a little silent waiting, text after text in German was given her, and she was able to relieve her own mind and comfort the poor woman. She said afterwards that this alone richly repaid her for the trouble of acquiring the language.

Remembering the injunction, “Occupy till I come,” she was careful to embrace openings for usefulness, however small they might seem. Watchful over her own spirit, and constantly depending on the Strong for strength, few were more fully qualified to comfort others with the comfort wherewith she herself had been comforted of God. Yet these acts were so quietly and

unostentatiously performed, as often to be known only to the recipient. A note sent to one under an impression of duty, or a few words of counsel to another under temptation, not unfrequently made an impression which will long remain.

While thus careful, as she says to a friend, "to remember the injunction dear —— gave us, not to live too much to ourselves," she was very attentive to her domestic duties, and it was in the privacy of home that the beauty of her character was especially manifested.

The education and training of her children was, to her, a subject of great importance, which she was unwilling to delegate to others. Their lessons were daily attended to, and while cultivating their minds, she was careful to embrace every opportunity for inculcating religious truths. Any manifestation of wrong feeling was gently and tenderly rebuked, as

a source of unhappiness to them as well as to herself, but more than all as a sin against their heavenly Father, to whom they were taught to look as their Protector, cognizant of every action.

With a view of instructing, as well as interesting them, she wrote some little tracts, drawn from incidents in their daily lives, which were intended to enforce the lessons she desired to teach. They were originally prepared only for her own children, but were afterward published.

She had also commenced a Child's History, in which she intended to present the history of various nations in a more moral point of view than is generally taken in such books.

Her aspirations after faithful and entire dedication will be shown by the following lines, written by her about this time :

I ask the rest that spirit knows,
Whose will is wholly bowed to Thine;

That quiet and serene repose
That can its every wish resign.

I want to labor faithfully
Within Thy vineyard all my day,
But guided only by Thine eye,
Nor dare to choose *my* work or way.

And yet whenever, in Thy love,
Thou givest the command, "Be still,"
May I as joyfully prepare
To *suffer*, as to *do* Thy will.

I ask not comfort, joy, or peace,
For *self* in these, oft makes her throne;
I only ask, Thou wilt not cease
Until Thy work be wholly done.

I can not rest until my heart
Is purged from every taint of sin,
And, through the blood of sprinkling, made
Fit for Thyself to enter in.

And well I know Thy changeless love
Will all Thy loving children cheer,
Whenever, on their thorny way,
Their spirits droop from doubt or fear.

All this I trust to Thee alone,
But leave me not, until there be
On every action, word, and tone,
The impress, Holiness to Thee.

Extracts from a letter to an aunt:—

BALTIMORE, 8 mo., 1854.

* * * I have felt that the first inquiry every morning should be, "Lord, what wilt *Thou* have me to do?" and to that, the first attention, and prime of my strength, should be given, letting other things have their subordinate place, trusting that ability will be given for what is needful.

Sometimes there seems to be an accumulation of necessary duties, but I believe it is the enemy who piles them up, and that the single eye would not see so many.

A few days since, the questions seemed to come to me with much force and solemnity—What are we doing with our time, our talents, and our money? Is every thing done to the glory of God, or to minister to our own pride and love of ease?

If not to His glory, what excuse have we? Not of ignorance, surely, the written law without, and the Witness within, have taught us plainly.

Not of want of ability, for that is promised, and will be given to all who seek it.

We say we will throw ourselves upon the

Mercy of God, but are we not abusing that mercy by continuing in those things against which His Spirit has a controversy?

I can not tell thee how these questions have impressed me.

To one of her sisters:—

BALTIMORE, 9 mo., 1854.

If we are only favored to keep in the right way and the right spirit, nothing will befall us which will not conduce to our advancement; and this comfort always remains, that *the foundation standeth sure*.

It has seemed to me, that many difficulties arise, in the first place, from leaving the individual work, and if rightly improved they will drive us back to it; while nothing will be permitted to harm us if we are “followers of that which is good.”

There is a rest which remaineth for the people of God, which nothing shall disturb—the way may be long and weary, but sooner or later the end will be attained.

We may disquiet ourselves too much about

events we can not control, and the faults of others which we can not mend. Having done our duty, in humility and sincerity, there are many things which we must leave to Him who holdeth in His hand the hearts of the children of men, and can turn them as He will.

10 mo., 1854.

My mind has been very much impressed with the duties we owe our servants, in watching for their souls as they that must give an account. They are placed, by the providence of God, under our care, that we may do them good, though this is not always so much by direct instruction, as by the influence of our daily lives and conversation, and our prayers on their behalf.

11 mo., 28th, 1854.

I have been very much impressed with the injunction to show piety at home. It is poor religion—is it not?—which can not bear little trials, and keep in a meek and quiet spirit under petty provocations and discouragements! And yet how many fail! How I do!

12 mo., 1854.

I quite agree with thee in thinking that some

of these outside things must be cut off. Let those take them whose place it is, let every stone have its right place in the temple, but let us wait patiently and humbly for the great Master-builder to put us in the one we are to occupy. No matter if He seems to leave us comparatively useless for a long time, perhaps we want long chipping, and squaring, and polishing, before we are fit to be placed at all.

BALTIMORE, 1 mo., 1855.

I have suffered much from letting myself out into reading [naming some writings with which, in early life, she was much engrossed] which tends to rouse up the old inhabitants of the land, who promised to be servants and now want to take the mastery again. My dear, thou dost not know how hard it is for me to lay down this crown; it is truly like parting with a right eye. Is it not sorrowful that it should be so hard to give up after long struggles, and when I really thought they were dead which sought the young child's life? Do let us try to be faithful and watchful, and beg earnestly for the precious fruits and gifts of the Spirit. We do have such

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answers to prayer when we are truly concerned, that we ought to be encouraged. I do not think that I have ever asked that it has not been given, both spiritual and temporal blessing, but it is needful to get very low, to dwell in the spirit of true prayer."

It must not be understood that she was opposed to mental cultivation, or considered the talents bestowed by our heavenly Father were not all to be improved. This was by no means the case, but it was her desire that every thing should be kept in its place, entirely subservient to the one thing needful.

In a letter written in the early part of her religious experience, she thus makes the distinction :

I like thy distinction between mental *improvement* and mental *excitement*. It is the latter which is so fascinating, that I am growing afraid to trust myself in any degree to my former habits and pursuits. M. J. Graham says in her memoirs,

“Study has been, to me, like the stuff of Achan, beneath which was concealed the accursed thing.” It seems to me rather more of a snare than an assistance, to any who would be likely to pursue it “for its own sake,” as some say it ought to be, just as if we had any right to pursue any earthly enjoyment “for its own sake.”

1 mo., 1855.

It seems to me that we are called to great watchfulness in our conduct toward all, avoiding even the appearance of evil, and careful not to crush the least scruple in the little ones of the flock.

We ought also to take heed that our speech be always “with grace, seasoned with salt,” that it may minister grace to the hearers. To redeem the time, not only from our pleasures, but also from our lawful and necessary cares, which too often absorb so much of our time and attention as not to leave us ability for the service which our blessed Master would call us into. Thus, though the days are evil, if we dwell so near our dear Saviour, we shall be favored to make our

refuge under the shadow of the Almighty, till these calamities are overpast.

2 mo., 19th, 1855.

But we need not be discouraged :

“He who hath helped us hitherto
Will help us all our journey through ;”

and this lesson of suffering, of nothingness, of poverty, and desertion, is no doubt our most profitable discipline.

Is it not a comfort to take every cup directly from the hands of our tender Father, appealing to Him—“Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee ?”

I was shown yesterday that the word to those who were perhaps too anxiously inquiring—“Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ?”—was “Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him,” and that in quietness and confidence should be their strength. That, however desirous they may be to journey forward, they must wait until the cloud is lifted from the tabernacle, and the word is given, and “Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry.”

To a sister:

BALTIMORE, 3 mo., 20th, 1855.

We must find out our own work. The only safe way for me, I find, is to wait day by day, to have my work given me, and not be looking out too much, or even too anxiously, for something to do. It is surprising how, in this waiting state, the way opens sometimes, and how it is closed up at others; but if I try to move in the dark I mostly stumble, so then I have to keep quiet. It is difficult to understand why, with the inclination and the apparent ability to do, we should ever be commanded to keep quiet, when there is so much to be done; but our ignorance is the first lesson to be learned, and, alas! has to be often repeated. Prayer, however, is our great weapon; we truly never ask aright for any thing which is not granted.

Do not the repeated tidings of sickness and death among our friends, which have reached us lately, make thee feel very solemnly the uncertainty of every thing, the unreality of this life? As we grow older, one after another must drop away, until we go too. How strange it is

that we will persist in being so solicitous about the accommodations and enjoyments on this short journey !

From her journal :—

5 mo., 15th, 1855. I want to crave a blessing on my study of the Bible, that my eyes may be opened that I may behold wondrous things out of the law of God, for I am deeply sensible that unless I am shown the true meaning by the Spirit which gave it forth, I can not perceive it.

8 mo., 30th. Our longing for holiness is sometimes a selfish, indolent weariness of the conflict. If our wills were entirely subdued, we should be satisfied to remain in the furnace as long as our good Master sees fit, and endure the fight of temptations, which sometimes seems so terrible. Ah, we want faith, faith that our tender and omnipotent Father is able and willing at all times to help us.

To her husband :—

NEW YORK, 9 mo., 1855.

I had a very delightful visit at Burlington. On First day we attended meeting, and afterward

went to see Stephen Grellet, who was just able to come down stairs. He is extremely feeble, can not speak above a whisper, but in a most heavenly state of mind. I asked him how he felt. "Very feeble," he said, "but my good Master takes care of me; I can trust Him; He doeth all things well." After a while, we fell into silence, and, although his voice was so very weak, he addressed us at some length, encouraging us to trust in the good Shepherd, who not only took care of the sheep, but the lambs—who taketh them in His arms, and carrieth in His bosom, and gently leads those who are under burdens and exercises, and when they have been wounded in their wanderings over the barren mountains and desolate places, He makes them to lie down by the still waters, and in the green pastures, and restores their souls. This testimony to the goodness and mercy of our compassionate Lord, from the aged saint who had had so long experience of them, was very impressive. Altogether it was a visit which I think I shall never forget, and which I shall probably never repeat, he seemed so very feeble. I was received

everywhere with the greatest kindness, which always surprises me, but it shows how Christian love and charity cover a multitude of sins.

To one of her sisters:—

BALTIMORE, 9 mo., 1855.

I don't know what is to become of us as a Society; it seems as if every thing which can be shaken is to be removed; but it is an abiding comfort that all this—though it may, and indeed must, cause suffering—need not hinder the individual work; that the little ones, and the weak ones are just as much cared for as ever by the great Shepherd, who still gathers the lambs in His arms, and carries them in His bosom. The power of the Almighty Father is still over all, and under the shadow of His wings we may make our refuge until these calamities be overpast; and the great comfort is, that it is because of our weakness and poverty, our utter helplessness, that we may come; not for our righteousness, but for His great mercies, that we have the claim.

BALTIMORE, 11 mo., 20th, 1855.

I feel quite well now, only it seems to me I am experiencing something of what a friend says, "That the vessels, after having been used, require purifying," which is not an operation pleasing to the love of ease and comfort natural to us.

I am feeling very seriously this morning that while we have seen the disadvantage of formality and narrowness of spirit, which refuses to be introduced into that liberty which is the privilege of the reconciled children of our tender Father; it is very needful to keep watch that the enemy does not lead us quite as far from the right path, though in a contrary direction, into self-indulgence, and a liberty which is not of the Truth. "No man that warreth, entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier," and yet a proper attention to our outward concerns is necessary, that we may not give occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully.

To a sister:—

BALTIMORE, 12 mo., 22d, 1855.

My duties are very much contracted ; there is not much perplexity about them, but we well know that *our work* is what our Father gives us to do, not what we in our own wisdom may think needs attention.

I have been led to consider the beauty of love and the necessity of it, and the folly and wickedness—though it may be unconsciously so—of going about finding fault with people, though we may cloak it under the appearance of a zeal for the truth and an abhorrence of sin. As if the government were upon *our* shoulders! I don't mean that we are not to feel grieved when things go wrong—sin must trouble us, if we view it rightly—but our grief should be without bitterness against the sinner.

The time was now approaching in which He who had called and fitted her for His service, was pleased to say, “It is enough,” and take her to Himself. During this winter her health gradually failed, and although those to whom she was so dear

fondly hoped that one so well qualified for usefulness in the militant church, would not be removed, her own impression was, that her days would be few.

This feeling, far from causing sorrow, seemed only to increase her desire to be in readiness to resign her stewardship, whenever the summons should come. She had, for more than a year past, been a member of the Ladies' Committee of the House of Refuge, and was much interested in this object, and earnest in her endeavors to benefit the inmates.

She was exceedingly desirous of paying another—and, as it proved, a final—visit to this institution, but her health seemed unequal to the effort. A little increase of strength was however given, and this act of duty was performed.*

* The following extract from the Report of the Managers of that Institution, will show how her labors were appreciated:—

“Our committee can not close this report without adverting to the sad bereavement we have met with in the death of Mrs.

She had occupied the position of Clerk to Baltimore Monthly Meeting of Women Friends many years, and for two years previous to this time, had acceptably served that Yearly Meeting in the same capacity. At the close of that held this year, she made the following minute:—*

We are bound to acknowledge, in grateful humility, that our heavenly Father has been pleased to be very near us, since we have been gathered together, and our drooping spirits have been afresh encouraged to trust in Him at all times.

Whilst we have cause humbly to acknowledge

Elizabeth Taber King. She was one of the first selected by your Board, and in losing her, the House of Refuge met with no common loss. But God, in His wisdom, saw best to call her to a better sphere. She was taken from us, but we trust that the remembrance of her holy life, her usefulness, and the lovely graces of her Christian character, will remain with us as a guiding light, still shedding its sweet influences around us on earth, while it lifts our thoughts heavenward, to that happy refuge home, provided by God for those who love Him, where there is no sin, nor sorrow, no more pain, nor sickness, nor death."

* Among "Friends" the men and women have separate meetings for the administration of the Discipline.

that His Spirit has been at work amongst us, both immediately and instrumentally, we crave that the good desires which have been raised in our hearts, may not be suffered to pass away without yielding fruit; but that we may be incited to greater and continued diligence in every good word or work, being solemnly impressed with the necessity of doing with our might, whatsoever our hands find to do, for *the night cometh*.*

During this winter she experienced severe bodily suffering at times, and deep mental conflicts were also permitted, but He whom she had chosen in youth, and to whom her health and strength had been devoted, did not forsake her. Remember-

* Before the time of the next Yearly Meeting the hand which penned these lines, was resting in the grave, and the gentle spirit was for ever at rest.

In reference to this, the following minute was made by her successor.

"The minutes of the past year were read, and we were thereby reminded of the great loss we have sustained, in the removal of our dear friend. 'Being dead she yet speaketh;' and may we heed the solemn injunction, 'Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work.'"

ing that we are but dust, He condescended to her weakness, and in seasons of depression, His arms bore her above the waves, that they might not overwhelm.

BALTIMORE, 2 mo., 6th, 1856.

I hope, my dear ——, thou wilt not feel sorry, if thou art surprised, at receiving a little messenger from me, for I have been thinking of thee more particularly of late, with much tender and affectionate interest, and very earnest desires that thou mayest be strengthened to do the *whole* will of our heavenly Father, experiencing as the result of it, a portion of that peace which flows from this perfect acquiescence, and which is truly “not as the world giveth.” I so often think of the remark of a Friend, that “Our Master gives large wages for very poor service.” Where *all* is offered up, it is so graciously accepted, even if, in our poverty, we can only bring “a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons.” Do not think, my dear friend, that I speak, feeling as if I am any thing, or know any thing of myself. I am the veriest child—poor, weak and

ignorant, inexpressibly so—but I can not refrain from bearing testimony to the power of that grace which, as it is submitted to, will cleanse, and teach, and strengthen, until “old things are done away, and all things become new and all things of God.”

I have been very feeble since thou wast here, and, until last First day, have not been able to attend meeting since we were there together. But I have had a good deal of quiet enjoyment, in spite of the physical suffering; and have mostly been enabled to fix my eyes so entirely upon my numberless blessings as to lose sight of every thing else. “Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.”

I have had more time for reading than usual—in fact, rather more time than ability—and, among many other things, have re-read the life of Joseph John Gurney, which has seemed to me, more than ever before, a bright example of the Christian graces. His indefatigable industry, his entire dedication of himself, and all that he had, to the service of his dear Master—his un-

failing charity and deep humility, mark him out as a most conspicuous ornament to his profession. I was much pleased with a remark of his to a friend in affliction: "I do not like any of the dispensations of our heavenly Father to be called *severe*," implying that they are all so tempered with mercy, that, being sent in love, severity is a harsh and unjust term to apply to them. The touching humility, too, with which he always sought to derive spiritual benefit from the humblest Christians, particularly from their ministry, is peculiarly worthy of imitation, especially now that there is such a critical tendency prevalent.

I do not feel, my dear friend, that I can express as I wish all that I feel with regard to thee—but I do earnestly crave for us both, an entire and unreserved dedication of our *all* to the will and service of our blessed Master, that we may be favored to keep *very close* to Him, and follow Him *whithersoever He leadeth*. I believe I have been brought into sympathy with what may have been at times the struggles and sorrows of thy spirit, and much desire that we may be

avored to yield that unreserved obedience which will alone bring us peace.

In much tender affection I am thy friend.

To one of her young friends:—

BALTIMORE, 2 mo., 6th, 1856.

I suppose I shall be an unexpected correspondent, dear —, but I hope not an unwelcome one, as I have been thinking of thee lately with so much affectionate interest that I would like to give some expression to it.

I have been very feeble this winter; and until last First day, have been able even to attend meeting but once in about two months; nevertheless I have had a very nice time at home; sometimes, but not often, feeling a little worn by the pressure of long-continued suffering and debility, but mostly enabled to look on the bright side so entirely as to lose sight of any other. I have had rather more time for reading than ability, but have been looking over Macaulay's History a little, rather more for the fascination of his narratives than dependence upon either his facts or conclusions. Setting aside natural

preferences, I don't like his attacks on Friends. I think that—even if he disapproved of their doctrines, and in some instances of their actions, which would be very natural—he might do justice to the purity of their lives, to their self-denying and heroic adherence to what they believed to be right, and to the high standard which they raised in that dark time—a standard to which the Christian world, as it advances in purity and spirituality, is constantly coming nearer. I am not at all sectarian, but I do like to see a man capable of real, honest, earnest appreciation of goodness, and of elevation of feeling and character, wherever he meets it, and not going about with a Mephistopheles-sneer on his countenance, at every thing which is at variance with policy and conventionalism.

I have been quite interested in a little I have read of Mitchell's Lectures on Astronomy. The vastness of the field opened is quite startling. I like Mitchell's enthusiasm, too—I like any one to go heart and soul into whatever they undertake. There is something, so ennobling in the study of all the works of the Creator, and then

when we turn from the overwhelming views of the might, majesty, and power displayed in them, of which the utmost stretch of our intellect can not conceive—to the feeling that *He* is *our Father*—that He cares even for the sparrows—that He numbers the very hairs of our heads—how the soul is bowed in the deepest humiliation, while it may be animated by the most perfect trust.

I had such a sweet dream the other night. I thought I was at meeting, of which privilege I have been much deprived, and that an exhortation was given to trust in the Saviour at all times, to lean upon Him in all our hours of trial, concluding with the words, “and then shall we be enabled, in all truth and sincerity, to acknowledge, that ‘He doeth all things well.’” I can not express to thee the force and sweetness with which this dwelt upon my mind for a long time, and is constantly recurring.

In a letter to a dear relative, written a short time before her death, she says :

I am in a continual state of wonder at the en-

joyment and blessings which are heaped upon me. My eyes often fill with tears, at this feeling of the marvelous loving-kindness of our merciful Father. Sometimes, I fear, I do not sufficiently feel my own poverty, and lowness, and proneness to evil, but this vision of the loving and compassionate Saviour, ready to save *to the uttermost*, all those who come to God by Him, seems to shut out every other view.

Her watchful care over her own spirit still continued, as the following extract from her diary will show :

2 mo., 26th, 1856. I believe it is not safe for me to be trusted with health and strength, under some plea or other I am so apt to use them for my own purposes. Lately I have lost my hold on the pearl; in my attempts to promote the comfort of my family, the quiet of my spirit has been disturbed. Some of this is doubtless owing to physical weakness, but with every temptation, there is a way of escape; there is *never* any need to sin.

Another thing I have suffered loss from—enter-

ing into the business of the day, without seeking to have my spirit quieted and directed. So many things press upon me, this is sometimes neglected; shame to me that it should be so.

Some things I must bear in mind: 1st, Always to seek this daily retirement, and earnestly search into my faults. 2d, To talk less, and carefully to weigh my words, so that they may minister grace to the hearer. Let me be careful, without display or pretension, when I do speak, to do some good, if it is only to manifest kind feeling toward others. 3d, and this is of great importance, to watch carefully—now I am so weak—not to over fatigue myself, because then I can not contribute to the pleasure of others; and a placid face and a gentle tone will make my family more happy than any thing else I can do for them. Our own will gets sadly into the performance of our duties sometimes. 4th, Almost above every thing else, to agonize for a loving spirit toward all.

To a sister:—

BALTIMORE, 2 mo., 1856.

Last First day I went to meeting, a privilege

I had not before enjoyed in two months. Much to my astonishment, I felt called upon to supplicate for those who felt themselves only to be penitent sinners, to beseech that we might all be bound together, so as to know what it is to *dwell* in love, being so deeply penetrated with a sense of our own infirmities, that we might not dare to look on those of others with any other feeling than that of compassionate love.

This was the last time she was able to attend meeting, and thus was her testimony borne to the necessity of that "charity which thinketh no evil," which she had so long endeavored to exemplify in her daily life.

To one of her young friends she sent the following note:—

BALTIMORE, 3 mo., 1st, 1856.

Do not think me intrusive, dear —, if I venture to tell thee that I have been thinking of thee for some days past with very tender and earnest solicitude for thy well-being in every

way, and, particularly, that by implicit obedience to the dictates of the Holy Spirit in thy own heart, thou mayst become altogether what thy tender Father, thy compassionate and loving Saviour would have thee to be, even thoroughly conformed to His precepts—thoroughly submissive to His will in all things—thoroughly regenerated, so that neither the love of the world, nor of any thing in it, may draw thy mind away from His love—but that thy affections may truly be set on things above.

I do fully acknowledge, dear ——, that I feel myself to be weaker than the weakest, and less than the least. I am humbled in the very dust, under a consciousness of falling very far short of the standard to which I desire and strive to attain; but I have craved for thee, as for my own soul, that we may be found very diligent in waiting daily upon the Lord for light and strength, and be strictly obedient to what He shows us to be our duty in the smallest particular, and that, feeling, as we must, our utter inability to do any good thing, we may seek most

earnestly, most diligently, for the help which He will assuredly give.

I can not express the tender love with which my mind is drawn out in these earnest desires for that which will secure not only thy eternal welfare, but promote thy happiness here; for truly there can be no enjoyment on earth comparable to that which is vouchsafed to the obedient children of our heavenly Father, who truly realize, amid all the trials which are inseparable from this life, that "in His presence is fullness of joy, and at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

May we seek to experience this, dear ——; may we be found constantly watching and waiting to know His will, and constantly striving to fulfill it, that we may glorify Him here, and finally be received into His everlasting peace.

And again to another, for whose best interests she felt solicitous:—

BALTIMORE, 3 mo., 16th, 1856.

Thou hast been brought before my mind, I humbly trust, by the good Remembrancer, with

very earnest desires that thou, and I, and all of us, may know what it is to experience a *growth* in the Truth—that we may in no degree slacken our diligence, but press forward until we attain that perfect stature in Christ Jesus, that thorough purification from the spirit of the world and the love of self which the holy Head of the Church requires of us, so that we may be heartily willing to become fools for His sake.

In thinking of thee this morning, the injunction of the Apostle was brought to my mind, and perhaps I may revive it for thy encouragement: “*Watch ye ; stand fast in the faith : quit you like men ; be strong.*”

Very shortly before her decease she rode into the city, with some effort, to see her husband's only sister, to whom she was much attached, and spent the morning with her ; giving the most detailed directions as to the education of her three daughters in case she should be taken from them. Little did she then suppose

that she to whom she was in some measure intrusting the care of her beloved offspring would, within a few weeks, also be called away in the bloom of life. The following is the last record in her sister's diary, and will show the feeling which subsisted between them.

My heart bleeds at the sad record I here make of my beloved sister's death, which took place on First day last, the 23d inst., after giving birth to a son, who survived her but a few days. What else can we say but that "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord ?"

She sought the Lord who bought her with His own blood, and obeyed Him through life, doing even that from which her timid nature shrank. Her sweet, angelic countenance, even amidst intense suffering, can never be forgotton ; and, oh ! may her example and all her excellent precepts be an incentive to me to walk in the same path, and to mind the same things ; and in view of the uncertainty of my own life, may my thoughts

be so directed, and a preparation so made, that, come life or death, I may be fitted for the message, and have no fears, but my mind be kept in perfect peace because it is stayed on Thee.

The following is the last entry in her journal:—

3 mo., 23d, 1856. I have an humble hope that the day is dawning, that the Sun of Righteousness will arise, with healing in His wings.

Oh, to be kept little, and low, and loving, self kept out of sight, “made of no reputation;” and to feel that love, which has at times made hard things easy, and bitter things sweet, when I have felt the everlasting Arms underneath.

Is not the injunction now given, “Fear not, thou worm Jacob?” Enable me, I beseech Thee, dearest Father, to look solely at the blessings where with Thou hast blessed me so abundantly; enable me to trust, that, as Thou carest for the sparrows, and feedest the ravens, Thou wilt also care for me; and, oh! enable me to bear, in patient and trusting submission, all Thou seest meet to lay upon me.

She was taken more unwell on the same day, but the suffering was soon relieved, and all danger seemed to be over. On her husband going to her bedside, and expressing his thankfulness that she was doing so well, she shook her head, and told him that within the past hour she had seen heaven, "and what," she added, with a sweet smile, "if I tell thee, that I feel as if nothing can draw me back but thee and the children?"

She was very soon taken alarmingly ill, and continued to grow weaker until she gently breathed her last, while a solemn but sweet stillness pervaded the room, as if those who watched over her were permitted to accompany the ransomed spirit to the entrance of the Haven of Rest.

And now, having followed her through life, having seen her living desire to be conformed to her Master's will—her fervency of spirit, and diligence in perform-

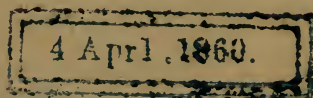
ing whatever was required—may we be encouraged to place our trust in the Lord, who supported her, and who will supply *all* the need of those who trust in Him.

In conclusion, we will adopt her own words, in speaking of the death of Stephen Grellet:—

I do sympathize with thee, and with all, in the great loss which has been sustained, but my mind has been so full of the unspeakably blessed and glorious change to our departed friend, that I have been scarcely able to bear the heavenly vision. No more change, no more sorrow for him!—for ever with the Lord—satisfied on awaking in His likeness—no longer beholding Him through the veil of fleshly infirmity, but “face to face”—free to mingle with the spirits of the just made perfect—no longer compelled to bear with the imperfections even of the good—no longer wounded with the sins or the sufferings of others—but at rest on the bosom of the Saviour, where God himself shall wipe away all tears from his eyes. I was thinking of Chris-

tian's passage over the river; but what a convoy must have awaited the release of this purified spirit;—with what triumphant notes the golden harps must have welcomed his entrance into the Eternal City! Now let us seek to mourn him as he would wish to be lamented, by looking not at our loss, but at his gain—by seeking after that earnest dedication of which he was so bright an example, that we may be enabled, in our measure, to glorify Him who did such great things for our beloved friend, and is ready to grant us, also, the good gifts of His Holy Spirit, as we are concerned to seek them as earnestly, and employ them as faithfully, as was the case with him.

THE END.



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